Insomnia - 'Can't wash off the last of Polly'

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by reid_simp

Summary

Ada looks after Tommy after the night of the rally and the events of the following morning.

Notes

Sorry this one is really short, but it's been a busy week and I wanted to get something out.

Tommy’s eyes are practically closing, withdrawal shaking him awake.

Five days since he last had laudanum. Four since he’s had a drink. He can’t keep any drink down anyway, so that part of sobriety he can’t take credit for. Giving him no choice but to take the impact of both. Ada sits on the side of the bath as his head leans on the toilet seat between retches. She's threatened to call a doctor every time he doesn’t respond immediately.

Lizzie's been busy keeping the children away from his sorry form, taking care of business where she can and sorting out Polly’s funeral. Any time Tommy thinks about Polly, he thinks of how much simpler it must be to go back on the drugs. Or finish the job Arthur had stopped him from doing.

Arthur’s staying at the house, too. ‘Stay together in times of grieving’, he’d said, but he’d said it with terrified eyes which told Tommy he was really there because he was worried about him. He can hardly blame him, having just stopped his brother shooting himself.

Tommy hasn’t slept since he’d used laudanum to get himself to sleep the night before the rally. The pain and nausea and retching hasn’t given him a chance to do anything more than blink.

He’s crying. He didn’t process it until Ada put her hand on his back, kneeling on the bathroom floor next to him. He cried when he first saw Polly’s body on the driveway. He'd known after that cryptic phone call but had hoped to the God he didn’t believe in that it wouldn’t be her. He’d seen her body and broken down. Lizzie had come out after seeing him actually sobbing through the window and had comforted him, despite his actions. She'd taken him into the house and given him tea and, despite her best instincts, whiskey. He hadn’t kept it down.

Ada tried to get him in the bath yesterday, but he couldn’t. Can't wash the last of Polly from him.

Ada's there for him. Arthur doesn’t like to know too much because he’s been there himself; Ada is there. Ada can help him, and he doesn’t even need to ask.

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